

Ad Hominem "Schlachthaus Der Gedanken"

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This is a fading trace of reality

Distorted lines of freedom
Where the mediocre man prevails
Absolute flattery of equality

Like the procession of the hearse
Slowly leading the lamenting mob
To the burial of existence

Industrie des fleisches
Schlachthaus der Gedanken

No more traces of reality

It fears, it cries, it hopes, it loves
That little sphere filled with fragile life
Already crawling into death row

Industrie des fleisches
Schlachthaus der Gedanken

When followers drown into non-self
Irradiated by constriction of mind
A grandiose self arises to stand and refuse
The innocence of his peers mangles his deep ego
Cracking like whips on flesh
Altering his senses until all humanity is gone

Perceptions are swirling - visions darkened
And as lucidity vanishes - anger is soon in control
This outburst of violence - pure and devoid of reason
Takes hold of a new reality

He reigns
They fall

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